

# Baconiana.

---

VOL. VI.—*New Series.*    APRIL, 1898.

No. 22.

---

## THE "MANES" SHADES, OR GHOSTS OF FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

Documentary evidence concerning him as Poet and Revivalist.

HOW often have we been challenged to show documentary evidence of Francis Bacon's secret work as a Poet and Revivalist! Such we have thought to be abundantly furnished by the "Northumberland MSS." with their list of plays, devices, and other unpublished writings of Bacon; by the also unpublished but accessible collection of the Anthony Bacon Correspondence, and other MSS. in the library at Lambeth; by the known, though screened, collection in the library of Trinity College, Dublin (and indeed in most of the old libraries founded or revived by Bacon), and finally by the numerous hints, allusions, and scraps or specimens of poetry in the published collections of Bacon and his friends. All these remain, however, generally ignored.

The collection now under consideration can hardly be overlooked or set aside, and it is, for present purposes, of greater importance than any which we have enumerated. It consists of a number of elegies or eulogies collected by Bacon's Chaplain, Dr. Rawley, and which he entitled *The Ghosts or Shades of Verulam*.

We must again render thanks to Dr. Cantor, of Halle-Saale, for calling attention to these 32 Latin pieces, so long (and of intention) overlooked or kept in the background. The six articles published on this subject in *Baconiana* show that there is, in this case, nothing new—no discovery made—but simply a bringing into light of matters studiously kept in darkness. The papers have been at least three times printed. Learned pens have transcribed them, learned eyes innumerable have conned them, learned minds have known, and full well know, their purport.

Shall it be added that a learned body of men, *with Bacon at their head*, have plotted and conspired quietly to screen and withhold these pieces from the "profane vulgar," from you, good friends, who read, and from us, who write?

Never again shall these precious documents go out of sight. They shall be translated and retranslated, analysed, annotated, and made a text-book, until by their aid we have faithfully, if laboriously, woven the true history of Francis Bacon.

Reflections on these short poems resolve themselves into questions of the following kind:—

1. What do they tell us?
2. In what particulars do the writers agree?
3. Is their testimony supported by other witnesses?
4. Were these writers worthy of credit?
5. Had they any common or uniform purpose in writing?
6. If so, what was that purpose?
7. Where are the MS. originals of these pieces called "Dr. Rawley's?"

When entering upon such inquiries it is really needful that we open wide the doors and windows of our minds, preparing to receive, and hospitably to entertain, anything which enters in the guise of truth, or even as one of her train. Many things transpire of which, with Horatio, we are inclined to exclaim:—"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"—With Hamlet we should reply:—"And therefore *as a stranger give it welcome.*" We should indeed go further with Hamlet, and humbly incline to the belief that there are more things in Bacon's history than are dreamt of in our philosophy. We may have to renounce old prejudices and plausible though ill-grounded opinions; but what are such things when weighed against the delight and satisfaction of getting at Truth?

To begin then with the question, "*What do we learn from these verses?*" The first lines tell us that no such terrible calamity as the death of Bacon had occurred since his "*most sad benetting.*" The expression is peculiar. A Greek word, "*Amphiballon,*" is latinized in order somewhat covertly to introduce it. Does not that word "*benetting*" strike the educated ear? It occurs once only in all *Shakespeare*, and then in a remarkable way, when taken in connection with these verses.

Hamlet, describing the treachery of the King and his Commission, explains how he himself acted, "Being thus *benetted* round with villainies."

Must we not wonder and speculate upon what may be revealed as to that next "*sad benetting,*" when the rapidly advancing



science of deciphering shall have turned its search-light upon Hamlet? It would have been perilous for Bacon's friends openly to compare his accusation and trial with the benetting of a guileless bird, yet such was truly the case, as we know from the records of his "Letters and Life." The snare of the fowler was upon him before he, absorbed in work active and contemplative, had looked up to find himself "benetted round with villainies."

The verses also liken him to St. Alban, the first English martyr; a suggestive comparison when collated with a passage in "*Preston's Illustrations of Masonry*."\* "Albanus, born at Verulam, now St. Albans in Herefordshire, was Grand Master of the Masons, and the first who suffered martyrdom for the Christian religion. He was employed by the Emperor Carausius to environ Verulam with a wall, and to build for him a splendid palace."

The fable may be thus interpreted: Bacon was allowed to environ himself (Verulam) with a wall of secrecy, whilst he built up a splendid palace of Truth, a new House of Solomon.

Next follow a series of short poems seemingly vying with each other in praise of Bacon *as a poet*. In the analogies discovered between his poetry and all else bright and beautiful, he is likened to Phœbus Apollo, the god alike of Medicine and Poetry. By the herbs of Olympus (his true home), and by his supreme art, he will heal the wounds and corruptions of the world. In ten poems is he thus alluded to in connection with Apollo.

The Pierian springs, the founts of the Muses, gush from the hard rock when struck by the hoof of his Pegasus, the winged horse of Poetry. The Muses mourn for ever the death of him who taught them their art, and who nourished more than Nine Muses, being himself the Tenth.

In vain do they cultivate useless laurels which no longer can be worn as garlands. With this poet falls and perishes Apollo's choir; to praise him was the height of song. The delight of Nature and of the Muses, he was himself the flower of the band.

Melpomene (Muse of Tragedy and of Lyric Poesy) reproaches the Fates for bereaving her of her chief glory. "*Thou had'st all the world for thyself, give me back my Phœbus.*" But neither Death, Poetry, nor the Poet himself can withstand Fate. Again do the verses reiterate that to rehearse all that Bacon has done for the world and for the Muses is impossible. Not Ovid, had he lived, none but Bacon himself was fit to sing the praise of Bacon!

\* See the ninth edition, pub. 1796, pp. 167-169.

Shall friends, then, lament for him who can immortalize the Muses? The Golden Age itself could not exceed the happiness of his—"for these are the poetic times."

The last of the series of poems, in a manner, sums up all that has been previously said of "The Incomparable Francis of Verulam." The cause of his death was the jealousy of Apollo fearing lest his rival should be made King by the Muses. But in this poem are the strange, ambiguous lines which declare now, when the Poet perceived that all arts and inventions were, in his day, superficial and unstable, "*held fast by no roots*," "he reined-in his Pegasus arts (his poetical genius), and taught them to grow like a Bay tree—like the spear that was hurled by Quirinus."

This distich has been variously translated, and has raised much discussion, but the above rendering seems to be most generally approved. The Latin runs thus:—

"Crescere Pegasus docuit velut hasta Quirini  
Crevit et exiguo tempore Laurus erat."

Dr. Cantor, in his learned monograph on this poem, repeats a statement made from the first, that these lines convey a covert intimation that Francis Bacon was the true *Shakespeare*.\* The name Quirinus was given to Romulus after he had been raised to the rank of a divinity, because he was the Spear-swinger, Lance-thrower, or Spear-shaker—*Shakespeare*. The spear which he cast grew indeed into an evergreen laurel, to furnish garlands for the brow of the immortal poet.

True students will not be content with the present scanty gleanings, but will consult Dr. Cantor's tract, where he further quotes from the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius (*i.* 9, *par* 16), in which the word Quirinus† bears these meanings of Lance-swinger or Spear-shaker.

"*Bellorum potens ab hasta quam Sabina vocant.*"

With these words a passage from Ovid is also compared (*Fast.* ii. 475).

In a poem signed "R. P." there seems to be a still more occult reference to the shaking of the spear. Here we are told that no inferior person, no "ephor" (carrying, like a mace-bearer, symbols of an authority which he does not wield), but the "Areopagite," the highest ruling power, the author himself was he who pressed down the scales, and gave measure for measure. If, as we maintain, quibbles abound in the writings and method

\* Dr. Cantor quotes Plut. Rom. 20, Serv. ; and see p. viii. of Dr. C.'s tract.

† QUIRINUS—a Sabine word perhaps derived from Quiris, a lance or spear (*Smith's Classical Dict. F.*).



of Bacon, then for *lancem* we take *lanceam*, and turn the figure from the scale to the spear. A hint seems now perceptible that the setters-forth of many of Bacon's works were his servants and assistants, his "ephors," himself the chief magistrate, the "Areopagite."\*

In another place Bacon is depicted standing *alone*, like Hannibal at the head of an army of literary assistants, *mercenaries from many nations*.†

Fifteen poets speak thus hyperbolically of Bacon as Apollo, Orpheus, the sole guide, light, and teacher of the Muses. But this is not enough, the matter is drawn closer, and the nature of his writings defined.

R. P. describes him as, "*with a serious purpose drawing on the socks of comedy, and the high-heeled boots of the Athenian tragedian*."—E. F. somewhat mysteriously adds that in order to understand him we must know him as "*a composer of fiction*."—H. T. says plainly that Bacon is "*Our only orator, teller of tales that 'mazed the Courts of Kings*," and that when his tale was told, and the thread of his life and work severed, "*he only who dares to catch up the dangling warp shall know the man those records hide*."

Could any words, meant to be both "wrapt and delivered"—hidden, and at the same time imparted—more clearly state that, only by catching and following up the clues casually afforded, shall we find our hidden man, the "Concealed Poet?" Those who share our anxiety to reach the heart of the mystery will close their eyes and ears to no smallest particular which may help them on their way. They will find that such particulars repeat themselves, and usually furnish an answer to one of the questions at the beginning of this paper. "*Did the writers of these poems collaborate?*" We say that they did so, and that although there is variety, there is no discord in their utterances. The very metaphors in which they involve their sentiments are often identical; and with one accord they dare to proclaim their Poet *pre-eminent*. "Not one of those whom Poesy, skilled architect of speech, fashions but at random on her anvil"—but, "literature's star, glory of eloquence, honey-sweet wine, the milk and drink of genius breathing forth the breath of poetry. Like Apelles he created from the mingled beauties of many a form whose perfections are imitable by none."

But, great as was his poetry, was it all in all? Surely not. His muse was but an instrument, a means to an end, and that end "the great restoration"—the raising up of the world of his day—

\* The word *Areopagite* forms an entry (No. 816) in Bacon's *Promus*.

† See *Baconiana*, iv. Oct. 1896, p. 186.

debased, cruel, ignorant, by the gentle arts of peace. To his music, "trees and the mountain tops that freeze" should bow themselves when he did play. The coldest, the most unsympathizing, the stiffest great ones of the earth should yield to the charms of his music in the air. Stocks and stones, the stupid and the ignorant, should alike be roused by his melodies; flowers of sweetness and beauty should make a lasting spring after the cold desolation of a winter of dark and drowsy ignorance. From childhood upwards Truth and Nature had been his constant guides. Then, as the verses tell us, discarding the worm-eaten books of the Pedants, he achieved, out of the chaos of old philosophers, a New Birth of Time (the Second Renaissance) and found a new method for the advancement of learning. By his experiments he "opened so many of Nature's ways that an age would fail to disclose them all," and "he died full of those arts" which he had himself "trained to higher aims."

Henceforward Science was destined to advance towards perfection, by the aid of experiment and observation of Nature; each generation boasting of new discoveries and improvements. Never again would any local or disturbing flood swallow up the world of learning, and reduce it to confusion.

One writer likens Francis to his namesake Roger Bacon, a shadowy personage of whom, though he is dubbed "the Experimental Philosopher," little seems to be truly known. Not improbably Francis (as in other cases) made use of this name as a convenient peg whereon to hang particulars for which some "authority" might presently be required.

Those curious in the matter, may see in the Print Room of the British Museum, in a portfolio of "Bacon" portraits, one inscribed "Roger Bacon." On the reverse is (*or was*) a note to the effect that the portrait is fictitious, there being none extant of Roger Bacon. An observant inspector will perceive, if he cover the cowl of Roger the monk, that here is the head and countenance of Francis Bacon. Truly a case of "two faces under one hood," and a good instance of a "*disguised portrait*."

It is the aged Bacon whom here we see; he who has exceeded the age of Nestor, who (one elegist informs us) numbered eighty Decembers. If the age itself be not a disguise, but a fact, then we must ask with "E. F.," how was it that, although Bacon chronicled the life and death of each of his own friends, "*of his own no sufficient history has been writ?*" It is true. That history remains unwritten, or, at least, unpublished.

There needs no ghost from the dead to tell us, that in the matter of Law and Policy, Bacon was "the Law-Moderator,"



and "taught the Sages of his day." Yet strangely enough, these departments of work, together with the courtier's life sometimes forced upon him, were the very things for which he declared himself to be by nature "*most unfit*." Of his legal duties too much has been written to need enlargement in this narrow room. "From his easy alacrity in business the Lord Chancellor continued to rise and expand in fame . . . The entries and reports remain in the Chancery archives, the lists show how great were the labours through which he cheerfully fagged . . . By promptitude, vivacity, and courtesy, more than 35,000 suitors in his court were freed in one year from the uncertainties of law!"\* To this it is added that no judgment of his was ever appealed against.

Even when ruined, and "benetted" by villainous and trumped up accusations of corruption and bribery, it was to him that the King turned "for advice as to the reformation of the Courts of Justice, and the relieving of the grievances of the people."† Truly an extraordinary commentary upon the hollowness of the charges by which his ruin and the elevation of others had been compassed!

"But your axle, O Schools of Learning, groaneth when so vast a mass comes toppling down; the hinge is broken upon which revolves the great World of Literature."

His was not the mere learning gained by painful plodding upon other's books. To his friends it appeared as "a calm form of ecstasy (without its madness), by which the mind gained her wings, hasteth into the Milky Way of Olympus, to view the idea of the good. In these haunts she dwells, a stranger to her accustomed place on earth. At length returning, she hies her home, and, with deliberate stealth, withdraws from the world. Thus doth the soul part company with the diseased and suffering body, bidding it die."

Who, reading this but recalls Achilles' reply to Ulysses who thinks the doctrine strange that "no man, however gifted, can boast of his gifts, nor can even "*feel what he owns, but by reflection?*"

Achilles finds in this nothing strange. Not even the eye, he says, "that most pure spirit of sense," can behold itself, "*not going from itself*."

*"For Speculation turns not to itself  
Till it hath travelled, and is mirrored there,  
Where it may see itself."*‡

\* Hepworth Dixon's "Story," pp. 336-337. † Let: Life of Bacon, Spedding vii. 288-9.

‡, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

Our "Ghosts" hint the means by which the gigantic work ascribed to Bacon was achieved. That power of "Speculation" was one; the power of absolute *thinking*, and imagining; "*imaging*," or seeing mirrored "in his mind's eye" visions of the unseen—with a prophetic foresight picturing to himself "the thousand thousand blessings which Time should bring to ripeness." Such a power of self-concentration was combined with

"the shaping fantasies that apprehend  
More than calm reason ever comprehends—  
The poet's eye in a fine frenzy ('calm ecstasy') rolling,  
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, and Earth to Heaven."

Why this is the very aim which Francis Bacon set before him, when amongst his youthful jottings he wrote down this note:—

"To myngle heaven and earth together" (*Promus*, 719).

This aspiration was his through life. Everywhere and perpetually we see him by Allegories, Fables, Parables, and "Figures in all things," striving to bring things high and spiritual within the comprehension of men base and earthly.

"I have been induced to think," wrote Dr. Rawley, "that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For . . . he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions within himself."

John Evelyn describes our noble author "as having a spacious forehead, a piercing eye always (as I have been told by one who knew him well) *looking upward, as a soul in sublime contemplation*."\*

Bacon's "facility" and speed also in writing, in part accounts for the prodigious mass of work with which he is accredited.

"While freely wrote the man of Verulam  
With tomes on tomes endowing ages sure."

Death, we are told, eyed with jealousy the growing number of those writings, "*With books thou'st filled the earth, with fame the age.*"

Another writer exclaims:—"Till now I thought that such a wealth of gifts could never co-exist in any man . . . but now I see that this is possible." Nevertheless, he adds that it is phenomenal, never likely to recur.

Contemporary witness supports these writers. "With what sufficiency he wrote," says Dr. Rawley, "let the world judge; but *with what celerity* he wrote, I can best tell." He was a good judge, being Bacon's private secretary.

\* Cf. *Medals*, p. 340. J. Evelyn was Secretary to the Royal Society of which Bacon was the true founder.



Osborne, giving Bacon's character, declares that no more splendid example exists of a great mind, and of a man *proficient in all subjects*, adding "without the least flattery or hyperbole, that his casual talk deserved to be written, and that his first and foulest copies required no great labour to render them competent for the nicest judgments. He could entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to horses and dogs, or out-cant a London surgeon; nor did his easy falling into arguments appear less than an ornament in him, and a gratification to the ears of his hearers."

Dr. Sprat desired no other preface to a History of the Royal Society than some of Bacon's own writings, adding that, "At the same time I say he had not the strength of a thousand men, I do also allow him to have had as much as twenty."

In short, it will have to be confessed that there is no form of praise or affection, no epithet applied to Bacon, no hint breathed by his ghosts; which is not echoed and emphasized by contemporary writers whose opinion has hitherto been held good. The passages collected are far too numerous to find place here, but observation will direct readers to them, and so, by help from these hidden records we shall come to fuller knowledge.

The mystery in which Bacon muffled himself must also have been a great help in keeping him free from interruption and from the strife of tongues. He confessed:—"I keep state in some matters." He begs a friend who is in a position to help him and Anthony:—"Be kind to your concealed poets"; he writes in ambiguous language, having pass-words, and he is pre-eminent in cipher writing, of which he sees the importance and need of great variety, although until lately these things have been overlooked or sneered at as useless and absurd.

But the hints dropped here and there by himself are again fully borne out by contemporaries, not only in these verses, but elsewhere. Ben Jonson (a great authority, Shakespereans acknowledge) says in the Birthday Ode to Bacon:—

"In the midst

Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst."

A distinguished visitor tells him that he resembles the angels, being much spoken of, but little seen, and Rawley says that the last years of his life he employed wholly in contemplation and studies—a thing whereof his lordship would often speak during his active life, and if he affected to die in the shadow, and not in the light; which may be found in several passages of his works.\*

\* Rawley says that Bacon withdrew for five years. We have reason to think that the period was much longer.

Rawley also hints, briefly but positively, at Bacon's work as a Theologian. Into this great field of research we cannot now attempt to enter, merely stating, as the result of long investigation, the belief that Bacon was the moving spirit and chief revisor of the several editions of the Bible published between 1593 and 1640; and that the flood of Sacred Poems and Literature which appeared at the same time will be traced to his pen or to his direct influence. The short poem entitled the "Union of the Roses," was the subject of some remarks in a former paper,\* to which we can only refer. It points, we believe, to Bacon's efforts for union or conciliation between the White (or Reformed) and the Red (or Papal) churches. "Men should," he said, "avoid controversies in the Church . . . for Christ's coat had no seam, but the Church's vesture was of divers colours. Let there be variety in the garment, but let there be no division—they be two things, Unity and Uniformity."

Bacon as a poet-theologian must have delighted in the beautiful services of the church, where art, music, and symbolism furnish wings to dull souls crawling between heaven and earth, to rise and flutter a little towards the sunbeams. Did he not show how men should try to imitate the way in which, in the earliest ages God taught an ignorant world, by Parables, Allegories, Figures, or Shadows and Pictures? And was not the true aim of his plays and dumbshows to make man know his own soul, by seeing a reflection of his own actions? To mingle earth and heaven by making mind and matter, truth and beauty, natural science and poetry, handmaids and religion?

In no trifling spirit, says one of our elegists, but with a serious purpose did he assume the parts of comedian and tragedian, and, as others add, of "writer of fiction," "the Teller of Tales."

Not every one can read a book, or attend to a lecture or sermon. But hold a mirror up to Nature, show Virtue her own feature, Vice her own image, and the very men and women of the time their own nature and behaviour, this comes home to the hearts and bosoms of the most stupid or lazy. Gentle and simple are alike impressed through the eyes, if not through "the ear, the gate of the understanding."

If the player, says Hamlet, felt the passion for which he himself had cause, he

*"would drown the stage with tears,  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears."*

\* *Baconiana*, October, 1896, vol. iv., p. 180.



We all know how successfully Hamlet applied his theory to the discovery of the

" Guilty creatures sitting at a play."

Something should have been said about the outpouring of books on Emblems, Ciphers, Anagrams, and other things which are but part and parcel of a system—adjuncts and necessities to a Secret Society. But already this paper exceeds due limits, and yet remains the question :—Who were these thirty poets ? Were they mere nobodies, desiring to bring themselves into notice by connecting their names with that of the great Bacon ? Had they any special acquaintance with him and his doings ?

When we trace their connection with Francis, we find it in many cases to be so close and intricate, that for the present we must be content with saying that nearly all were University men who rose to distinction, that nearly all are noted in the biographical dictionaries of Bayle, Chalmers, Allibone, Maunder, and Stephen ; and that most of their names appear repeatedly in the Anthony Bacon correspondence, and in Spedding's " Letters and Life of Bacon."

Amongst these elegists are distinguished theologians ; *Dr. Samuel Collins*, Provost of King's Coll., Cambridge ; *George Herbert*, Rector of Bemerton (the youngest brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury), who translated some of Bacon's works into Latin, but who is chiefly known in connection with the Sacred Poems entitled "The Temple," which are ascribed to his pen.

*Dr. Williams* was a man of strong but unpleasing character, and great learning. He rose from being chaplain to Lord Ellesmere to being Archbishop of York. His very admiration of Bacon seems to have made him jealous, and his friendship for him rather time-serving than true. Yet to him Bacon bequeathed his register book of speeches and letters.

*Dr. William Loe* published many sermons.

*Dr. Henry Ferne*, Archdeacon of Leicester, Dean of Ely, Master of Trin. Coll., Camb., of which also he was Vice-Chancellor, became finally Bishop of Chester.

*Dr. James Duport*, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Camb., a distinguished Greek scholar, became Master of Magdalen Coll., Cambridge.

*Robert Ashley* was a lawyer in the Middle Temple, and " a translator."

*Thomas Randolph*, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Camb., on coming to London became intimate with Ben Jonson, to whom he wrote an ode " to persuade him not to leave the stage." In a previous ode " To Himself," the *Dramatist* had threatened to retire.

Randolph's poem was therefore "An Answer." We commend these two pieces to the consideration of thoughtful readers.

*William Atkins* describes himself as Bacon's "Domestic Servant." He must have been a man of education, probably an amanuensis. To him Bacon left a legacy, and he was witness to his master's will.

As to those who sign initials only, we can but guess.

*R. P.* is probably *Sir Robert*, or *Sir Richard Phillipps*, whose names and others of their numerous family frequently appear (variously spelt) on the pages of Baconian biographies. *T. P.* we take to be *Thomas Phillipps*, described as "the decipherer," and as "he who had such skill in deciphering." A letter of Bacon's is extant (February 14th, 1592), begging him to come to him at Twickenham on a visit, "the longer the more welcome. *Otia colligunt mentem.* . . . In sadness come as you are an honest man." Evidently there was work to be done.

It is to be hoped that the time is passing away when men can be so bold or so foolish as to maintain that there is no secrecy, no mystery surrounding Francis Bacon—no society or combination to conceal or to suppress the true knowledge concerning him. That such a combination exists is now demonstrable. But apart from all facts collected on this head, is it not enough that we find a collection like this of Dr. Rawley's printed (as a whole, or in parts) in several standard works, yet carefully ignored in other standard works—in lives of Bacon, such as those of Basil Montague, Hepworth Dixon, and James Spedding? Thirty-two descriptive accounts of Bacon left shrouded or muffled up in strange and questionable Latin, rendering them to the majority of readers as inscrutable as the man in the iron mask.

Is it not enough to find that the repository of the Rawley MSS. is still kept secret? Is it not strong evidence of a conspiracy of silence and suppression that documents throwing light on Francis and Anthony Bacon as poets were, two generations ago, excluded from the printed index at Lambeth, and that none of the various biographers who drew their information from this source even allude to them? Is it nothing that, until lately, Bacon's *Promus* was excluded from the public catalogue of Harleian MSS., and that large collections concerning the history of paper-making and printing, and other matters connected with Baconian researches, are similarly rendered almost unattainable, *excepting to a certain class of Freemasons*?

Is not the fact that the place and circumstances of Bacon's death and burial are generally unknown, of itself sufficient to prove that "he went away in a cloud?" and do not the contradictory accounts of his death justify suspicion that none of



these accounts are trustworthy, but that the picture at the beginning of his poem, the "Farewell to Fortune," truly represents him as "*a hermit spurning the globe*," dying to the world, and retiring into his cell to finish his work in peace?

We begin to know something when we confess that, after forty years of inquiry as to whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare, we still know next to nothing of "the man these records hide."

C. M. P.

## WHOEVER HATH EYES TO SEE, LET HIM SEE.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for November may be found an article entitled "Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly," by John Fiske. It consists of eighteen pages, and is amusing and instructive in many ways, and shows that the cap, "Folly," is not yet seated, but still in the air. The article consists in great part of a kind of restatement of what has been said by others in favour of the writer's phase of the subject, and is based largely upon the idea that Shakespeare has had the credit of authorship, and that genius, without true culture, can pick up a world of information from coffee-houses, talks with lawyers, physicians, and men of letters. This, an invective upon all who differ from the writer, is its chief burden of song.

It seems, indeed, to us, that the writer mistakes Bacon, and in great part the field of inquiry.

As to the field of inquiry, Baconians start with the idea that a knowledge of words—a vocabulary—can be acquired only by culture, and that the ordinary vocabulary does not exceed 3,000 words, while the vocabulary of the plays exceeds 15,000, and is the widest possessed by any author; and hence indicates the widest culture. They say that no two individuals can have the same vocabulary. Their tastes, desires, interests, and aims must cause divergence. They say this divergence must be wide in proportion as their range of environment and culture differ. And is there any folly here? Bacon is known to have stood at the top of his age in all fields of culture, while Shakespeare, so far as known, had none of it.

They say the imaginative claim that Shakespeare could have acquired either the vocabulary, or the culture, manifested in the plays, by strolling about play-houses, coffee-houses, and by converse with lawyers and men of letters, is but chaff, and that no well-informed man, upon reflection, believes it.

Grant White of Shakespeare truly says: "The entire range of human knowledge must be laid under contribution to illustrate his writings."

Baconians say, this range was Bacon's range, as laid down in his "New Atlantis." In his noted letter to Lord Burghley in early life he says: "Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

They say that Bacon's distinctive idioms, unusual expressions, vocabulary, and *Promus* Notes are spread everywhere in the plays, and that the wisdom of the plays shows an all-rounded culture which touches at every coast of Baconism.

They say that whatever else genius or spontaneity may do, it cannot yield a vocabulary, and this the widest and richest in the language, and that to believe this is the top of human folly, and entitles the believer to wear that cap.

They say that the Baconian philosophy has been truly called the poetry of philosophy; that everywhere in his attributed writings Bacon presents his thought in figures, not arguments, exactly as is done in the plays; and they believe it is generally admitted that when in his letter to the poet, Sir John Davis, in 1603, he says: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue your very assured Fr. Bacon," he alludes to himself.

They say that any cultured Baconian student may know this claim to be true who will arm himself with vowel index, and into it take Bacon's distinctively used words, figures, idioms, and expressions; and the like from the plays. So doing, his vista will soon widen irresistibly to the true conception. He will also find no field of mental training, merely as training, will yield him wider scope or truer culture.

Bacon's intention, early formed, to shake a spear at human foibles, made the word Shake-speare—so written in all of the Quartos, as well as the original Folio—a mask both safe and significant of purpose. Now, only as Mr. Fiske dispels these follies, is he within the scope of inquiry.

Next, and to come nearer, must he not show himself to possess a true conception of the alleged author, Bacon, to entitle him to speak? Otherwise, on his prettily formed cap, "Folly," he may himself be declared the button.

What, then, must scholars say as to his sagacity to speak touching this subtle question of authorship, when he puts himself upon record, saying, as he does in his mentioned article, that Sir Francis Bacon's works show no touch of poetic genius. In referring to Chapman and Ben Jonson, he says: "These two men, to judge from their acknowledged works, were great poets,



whereas in Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetic genius."

We contrast Mr. Fiske's thoughts with Taine's, who, in his noble "History of English Literature," says :

"In this band of scholars, dreamers, and inquirers appears the most comprehensive, sensible, originative of the minds of the age, Francis Bacon, a great and luminous intellect, one of the finest of this Poetic Progeny, who, like his predecessors, was naturally disposed to clothe his ideas in the most splendid dress ; in this age a thought did not seem complete until it had assumed form and colour. But what distinguishes him from the others is, that with him an image only serves to concentrate meditation. He reflected long, stamped on his mind all the parts and joints of his subject ; and then, instead of dissipating his complete idea in a graduated chain of reasoning, he embodies it in a comparison so expressive, exact, transparent, that behind the figure we perceive all the details of the idea, like a liquor in a fair crystal vase.

"This is his mode of thought, by symbols, not by analysis ; instead of explaining his idea, he transposes, and translates it—translates it entire, to the smallest details, enclosing all in the majesty of a grand period, or in the brevity of a striking sentence.

"And to make the resemblance complete, he expresses them by poetical figures, by enigmatic abbreviations, almost in Sibylline verses.

"Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or expressive condensations of thought, more resembling inspiration, and in Bacon they are to be found everywhere. In short, his process is that of the Creator's ; it is intuition, not reasoning."

From the foregoing Mr. Fiske will see that he must box Taine on the ear, and send him out with the rest of the fools. On the other hand, if Mr. Fiske has mistaken Bacon all this while, may it not be just possible that the Baconians have the right of it ?

But we go deeper in his estimate. He says : "Bacon was in a high degree a subjective writer," and that "of all writers in the world Shakespeare is the most objective, and the most absorbed in the work of creation."

Likeness—No, a decided contrast.

Bacon a subjective writer ! Mr. Fiske ignores the fact that to overthrow this Aristotelian method of spinning, like the spider, out of self—the subjective—by laying a new flooring for knowledge, was what moved Bacon to his great reform ! He says : "The Rationalists are like the spider ; they spin all out of their own bowels. But give me a philosopher who, like the bee, hath a middle faculty gathering from abroad, but digesting that which

is gathered by his own virtue." Does he not call Aristotle, by reason of this spinning out of self, "the straggler from experience," and has Fiske really read Bacon for forty years to learn that he was a subjective writer?

Bacon undertook the establishment of a new system of philosophy in which things or actualities only, and the orderly relations unfolding from them, even to the very fringes thereof, should be taken or stand as supreme. In other words, he urged that the mind should be taught to stay upon objective or material change, rather than upon speculative meditation, if we would know Nature, or her truths, in native or orderly unfoldment, and he carried this idea forward into all of his doings, and made facts royal.

On the other hand, as to mind, it has ever been queried why Bacon, who took all knowledge for his province, elaborated no work on mind or metaphysics. Why this gap? We say that it was to avoid theorizing about the subtleties of mind and its activities, by subjective speculation, or spinning, that the plays were written. They will yet be known as Bacon's great volume on mind or metaphysics, and they fill this gap in his deep-laid scheme of reform. So objective was his mind and vocabulary that he had no word to apply to mind, that he did not equally apply to matter, and this is equally true of the plays. And thus another point for Baconians.

We say that the plays were Bacon's reform as to metaphysics. He believed not in metaphysics as theretofore spun. He says: "Be not troubled about Metaphysics. When true Physics have been discovered, there will be no Metaphysics. Beyond the true Physics is Divinity only."

Metaphysics he distinctly marked off from the realm of Physics, or Philosophy, and, by his own method, caused it in all its subtleties of emotions, motives, and passions to be enacted before the eyes of men upon the living stage. He nowhere theorized, but ever sought, in effects, for fruit. In his Shakespeare he manifests as subtle watchfulness for objective material change and appearances, to learn the forms and shows of motives, as for material effects in the realm of Physics. Touching the formation of his tables—the centre of his system—he says: "For we form a history and tables of invention for anger, fear, shame, and the like, and also for examples in civil life and the mental operations of memory, comparison, division, judgment, and the rest, as well as for heat and cold, light, vegetation, and the like."

Bacon a subjective writer! Does Mr. Fiske mean us to take him seriously?

J. E. ROE.



## THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT.

IN 1867 were discovered in Northumberland House, London, what are known as the celebrated Northumberland manuscripts. They consist of part of a manuscript book, the first page of which forms a table of contents. On the blank spaces, including the margins of this title page or table of contents, there are written a number of sentences, phrases, words, and parts of words. These scribblings are as follows :—

Anthony                      Mr. Francis  
Francis Bacon  
Francis  
Multis annis jam transactis  
Nulla fides est in pactis,  
Mell in ore, verba lactis ;  
Fell in corde, fraus in factis.

Then follows Bacon's and Shakespeare's name, the latter written over and over again, but it is not necessary for our purpose to reproduce them here, as we are concerned only with the above lines in Latin. Briefly paraphrased they say, "That many years having expired, compacts are no longer binding (or that after many years, the covenant was broken) your words are honey and milk, but treachery was in your heart, and fraud in your deeds." The object of this paper is to point out an important discovery we have just made. It is that the last two lines are undoubtedly borrowed from the play *Truculentus*, by the Latin poet, Plautus :—

"In melle sunt linguæ litæ vostræ atque orationes, lacteque ;  
Corda felle sunt lita, atque acerba aceto." (*Truculentus* I. 2, 76.)

The Reverend Riley translates this :—"Your words are milk and honey, your hearts gall and vinegar" (Bohn's Edition). The Latin student will at once recognize the identity of these lines, the difference is only what is to be expected where prose has been converted into rhyming verse.

Let us examine this play with the view of discovering whether there is anything in its plot suggestive for the Bacon and Shakespeare problem? And also let us see what is the context of the passage which we have to deal with? In the first place, *the plot pivots upon imposture and fraud!* The play of the *Churl* is the story of a crafty courtesan by name Phronesium,

who plunders her three lovers, and plays them off one against the other. The argument of the play is as follows. We have followed the synopsis of the Reverend Riley's translation :—

#### THE SUBJECT.

Phronesium, a Courtesan, has three admirers—Dinarchus, a dissipated young Athenian; Strabax, a young man from the country; and Stratophanes, an officer in the Babylonian army. To impose upon the last, she palms off a child upon him, pretending that it is hers, and that he is the father of it. In the first part of the Play, Dinarchus returns from abroad, and is admitted by the servant Astaphium into the house of Phronesium. After this, Astaphium goes to the house where Strabax lives, to invite him to visit Phronesium, but is roughly repulsed by Stratilax, his servant. Dinarchus quits the house of Phronesium, not having been allowed to see her, on the excuse that she is at the bath. Phronesium at length comes out, and, in their conversation, tells Dinarchus that she is pretending to have been pregnant by the Captain Stratophanes, and has procured a child to pass off as his. She also begs Dinarchus to make her a present, which he promises to do, and then takes his leave. She then gets everything in readiness to look as though she had just lain in. The captain arrives from abroad, and produces his presents; but as ready money does not form a part of them, Phronesium expresses extreme dissatisfaction and contempt. At this moment Geta, the servant of Dinarchus, comes with his present, in money and provisions. A quarrel ensues between the captain and Geta, who at last takes to his heels, on which Phronesium goes into her house. Strabax then arrives from the country with some ready money, and is admitted to visit Phronesium. Stratilax comes to look for him, and after some parley falls a prey to the allurements of Astaphium. Dinarchus then arrives, but, despite of his recent generosity, suffers a repulse. Before he quits the stage, Callicles, an old gentleman, comes with two female-servants, whom he examines as to what they have done with a female child that his daughter has been recently delivered of. They confess that they have carried it to Phronesium to be passed off as her own, and that Dinarchus is really the father of it. Dinarchus, in great alarm, overhears this conversation, and then accosts Callicles, and, confessing his fault, offers to marry his daughter forthwith. His offer is accepted; on which he revisits Phronesium, to request her to restore to him the child. She, however, prevails upon him to lend it to her for a few days, that she may fully carry out her design of imposing upon the Captain. After this, Stratophanes appears again, and brings fresh presents. He then has a quarrel

with Strabax, and the play ends by Phronesium promising to divide her favours between them both. The text of this play is in a most corrupt state.

The reader will immediately recognize in the central motive of the supposititious child, the fact that the plot of this play *pivots upon imposture and fraud*. It is the trick of the *palmed-off child* that attracts our attention, for the child turns out in the end to be the son of Dinarchus, who utters the words of the Latin text, which we reind plagiarized from, in the four-lined verse of the Northumberland manuscript. Indeed, we have only to imagine this palmed-off infant to be the *heir of a poet's invention*, to perceive at once a perfect parallel for the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, as put by Baconians. But first, we will take a brief sketch of the opening of the play, introducing Dinarchus, and leading up to the passage plagiarized from.

In the first scene of the first act, we are introduced to Dinarchus, and we find him saying:—

“Now this courtesan (*pointing to the house*) Phronesium, who dwells here has totally expelled from my breast her own name Phronesium, for Phronesis is wisdom. For I confess I was with her first, and foremost, a thing that's very disastrous to a lover's cash. The same woman after she had found another out, a Babylonian Captain, whom the hussy said was troublesome and odious to her, forthwith banished me from the spot. He now is said to be about to arrive from abroad. For that reason has she now covered up this device; she pretends that she has been brought to bed. That she may push me out of doors, and with the Captain alone live the life of a jovial Greek; *she pretends that this Captain is the father of the child*. She fancies she's deceiving me! Does she suppose that she could have concealed it from me if she had been pregnant?” (Act I., Scene 1, *The Churl*).

In the next scene we find Dinarchus carrying on a conversation with Astaphium, the handmaid of Phronesium. But he has no money, and the Abigail plays him off with witty excuses and satire pointed at his poverty. This Abigail may be really identified with her mistress Phronesium, and is the mouthpiece and go-between of the latter. At last she says to Dinarchus:—

*Astaphium*.—Do go indoors. Really you are no stranger; for upon my faith not one person this day does she more love in her heart and soul—(*aside*)—if indeed, you've got land and tenements.

*Dinarchus*.—Your tongues and talk are steeped in honey; your doings and dispositions are steeped in gall and sour vinegar. From



*your tongues you utter sweet words ; you make your lovers of bitter heart if any don't give you presents* (Act I., Scene 2).

These are the words of our text. They are addressed to the waiting-maid, but it may easily be seen they point at her mistress Phronesium. Presently the latter consents to see Dinarchus and confesses to him her fraud, how she wishes to palm off a child (which she has procured) upon her Captain Stratophanes, with the object of getting a good haul out of him, and a settlement for the child's sake. A very clever and amusing scene is the one in which the gallant captain returns and finds Phronesium pretending to be lying convalescent after her confinement, and Stratophanes exclaims: "Mars, on his arrival from abroad, salutes Neriene, his spouse. Since you've well got over it, and since you've been blest with the offspring, I congratulate you in that you have given birth to a great glory to me and to yourself" (Act II., Scene 2).

To pass over everything unimportant, it is as well to note that we find Dinarchus, in a conversation with Astaphium dwelling upon the terms of the compact, or covenant, entered into between Phronesium and himself. This is a very curious passage, which has puzzled the translator, Mr. Riley. In a rather coarse form of metaphor, Dinarchus refers to what he calls "*his rights of pasturage*," for which he has paid by means of tax, title deed (*scripturam*), or writing.

In the final scene one Callicles appears with two servant girls whom he cross-examines as to what has become of his daughter's child which disappeared. He also seeks to learn who was the father of this child? Dinarchus, who overhears the dialogue, steps forward and confesses himself father of the missing infant. Further examination elucidates the truth, that the child was conveyed by the maidservants to Phronesium, who purchased it for her base ends. Dinarchus makes restitution to the daughter of Callicles by marrying her, the child is restored to Dinarchus, after being lent to Phronesium, and the play ends.

If we now return to the four-lined Latin verse of the Northumberland manuscripts, it is evident it bears witness to a compact, or covenant, entered into between two parties, one of whom broke faith after a lapse of years, and whom the other reproaches, or accuses for honey'd words and smooth speech, but whose heart was treacherous, and whose deeds were fraudulent. The finding of Bacon's and Shakespeare's name below this Latin quatrain naturally leads to the inference that the covenant refers to mutual transactions between them. That of course is, however, only a theory. But it is certain, in the play of *The Churl*, from whence they are borrowed, the words refer to

Phronesium and Dinarchus. It is therefore of the very greatest importance we follow the parallel as it appears to us.

If we apply this play to Bacon and Shakespeare, supposing the palmed-off child to be the plays—the heir of the poet's invention, we have Bacon (Dinarchus) pushed out of doors by his own work. If we suppose Dinarchus to be Bacon, we may imagine him saying, "You fraudulently pass off a child of mine as your own, and that of another man, and I consider myself robbed by you, inasmuch as you have broken the compact between us—your words are honey and milk, but your deeds are full of deceit, and your heart full of treachery!" It is indeed impossible to imagine Bacon reading this play of *Truculentus* by Plautus, without his thinking how exactly it fitted his own case; inasmuch as he sacrificed everything for Wisdom's sake, even Wisdom itself, since he was cheated out of his own! To go further, if we are to believe Ben Jonson's *Poem Ape*, in which a theatrical manager, and a poet ("who would be thought our chief") is pointed at—it is certain this portrait of one (who can only be Shakespeare) closely resembles the character of Phronesium, inasmuch as he was becoming "so bold a thief," that he was turning to account all his transactions with his contemporary playwrights.

It remains open to us to consider Stratophanes as the true parallel for Shakespeare. As the putative father of a child by Wisdom, which child was really another's, we have a strong case. But it must be remembered, Stratophanes is only a dupe in the play—he makes no compacts and he imposes upon nobody except by accident. It is Phronesium who so perfectly represents that worldly cunning which Bacon calls "a crooked sort of wisdom" (*Essay of Cunning*) inasmuch as her entire aim is to get everything and give nothing in return! It is here particularly to be observed that in a certain degree Dinarchus is privy to the trick, or imposture of the palmed off child—a point parallel, we must suppose, in the relations of Bacon to Shakespeare, with regard to the palmed-off plays? It is impossible to avoid being struck with the entirely opposite character of Phronesium, even to her name, when we think of Francis Bacon. For is not Phronesium, *Sapience*, or *Wisdom*, and was not Bacon a lover of Wisdom, or a philosopher in every sense of the word? In conclusion, it is pertinent to observe that Bacon quotes Plautus several times in his prose works. With regard to the plays, it is universally acknowledged that the *Comedy of Errors* was borrowed from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. It would be as well that readers interested in our discovery should read the *Truculentus*, if not in the original, then in a translation. I think

they will acknowledge there is a great deal in this plot of a fraudulently imposed child—a child that belongs to the man who uses the words adapted in the four-lined verse of the manuscript—to induce us to believe Plautus was plagiarized by the scribbler with a purpose beyond that of the mere words borrowed.

Phronesis is a perfect type of worldly selfish craft, or cunning,—the cunning that takes the form of audacious imposture, and lays claim to the offspring of the very man she is deceiving and breaking faith with? Bacon, we may imagine, had beggared himself in his pursuit and love of wisdom—this wisdom disclaims him, and passes off the child of his own begetting as the heir of another man, Stratophanes. In studying this theoretical parallel we must not expect to find every piece of the puzzle perfectly fitting its application, because we are ourselves still in the dark as to the real relationship of the real author of the plays to their putative father. It is sufficient as a hint of the greatest possible importance that the words borrowed from Plautus' play come from the mouth of a character who suffers just the sort of fraud we believe Bacon was the victim of—his own child palmed off in his face as another! It is evident the scribbler of the four-lined latin verse was thinking of some covenant, or promise broken, and recalling the relationship of the cunning and crafty Phronesium, to the generous Dinarchus—alas too confiding!

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

## SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF CLASSIC PHRASEOLOGY

### PART II.

WE now come to a more subtle instance, the word is, *Inequality*, which occurs only once in Shakespeare, and then in a way that puzzles the critics. It is evidently used in some metaphysical sense. *Inequality* is referred to the mind, not to outward things. Here is the passage. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is winding up the tangled skein of affairs which by his absence had grown too complicated and perplexing; Isabella is presenting her complaint, and her petition for redress,—she accuses Angelo of crime and misgovernment. At first the Duke, in order to save Angelo, affects belief in her insanity, and yet he is not quite satisfied on that point.

“By mine honesty [he says]  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,



Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in Madness.

[Isabella replies] O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do no not banish reason  
For *Inequality*; but let your reason serve  
To make the Truth appear where it seems hid  
And hide the false seems true." *M. M. v. i. 59.*

What is the precise meaning of *inequality*, or has it a very precise meaning at all? No Shakespearean critic has given a satisfactory explanation of it. Now it is very remarkable that the words *Inæqualis*, *Inæqualitas*, *Inæqualiter*, are used by Bacon in the *Novum Organum* and elsewhere, also in some metaphysical sense, but that sense is not very clear and prompts a footnote of perplexity to Mr. Spedding.

Here is Bacon's Latin:—"Intellectus, nisi regatur et juvetur, res inæqualis est, et omnino inhabilis ad superandum rerum obscuritatem," *i.e.* "The Intellect unless it is ruled (or *guided*—Spedding) and assisted is a thing that may be called *inæqualis* and altogether incapable of overcoming the obscurity of things" (*Nov. Org. I. 21*). Bacon was very fond of comparing the helps to induction which his philosophy was to supply to a ruler, by which a straight line can easily be drawn, although the unaided hand is quite incapable of making such a line. It must be ruled and assisted—*regatur et juvetur*. The trace of that thought is found in the use of the word *inæqualis*, you cannot do anything straight without a proper mental guidance—your line will be crooked, irregular, waving, *inæqualis*. And so Isabella entreats the Duke to use a proper mental instrument, so that he may overcome the obscurity of the things brought before him, not one that is "*inæqualis ad eas superandum*."

Now what is this *inequality*? A little further on in the *Novum Organum* Bacon is describing the *Idola Tribus*, the Idols of the Tribe, which have their foundation in human nature itself; the mind makes its own perceptions the measure of things, forgetting that the perceptions alike of sense and of the mind are according to the measure of the individual and not according to the measure of the universe. And then he proceeds—

"Estque intellectus humanus instar speculi *inæqualis* ad radios verum—[and the human understanding is like an unlevel mirror meeting the rays of things—or it may be translated—like a mirror incapable of reflecting the rays of things—] quæ suam naturam naturæ rerum immiscet, eamque distorquet et inficit,

[which mixes up its own nature with the nature of things and distorts and discolours it].

This is exactly Isabella's point of view; she tells the Duke that he is being ensnared by one of the *Idola Tribus*, that he distorts and discolours things by putting his own notions into them; consequently his reason is incapable of making the truth appear and the false disappear, by allowing the rays of things to be reflected on a surface fitted to receive them with accuracy and equality.

The same word is used also with reference to the *Idola Fori*, the Idols of the Market, i.e. fallacies arising from words which are the coins by which mental traffic is carried on. Such phrases as *Fortune*, *Primum Mobile*, *Planetary Orbits*, *The Element of Fire*, are not representative of true things, they are fictions arising out of idle theories. While such words as *humid*, *heavy*, *light*, *rare*, *dense*, represent things which exist, but are not well defined; they are *temere et inæqualiter a rebus abstracta*, i.e. hastily or unequally (or irregularly, as Spedding translates it) abstracted or derived from realities. This also fits in with Isabella's meaning: "Madness—you say, most gracious Duke. What is madness? It is a word not well defined. You are worshipping one of the *Idola Fori*, the word you use is not the product of reason, but of very crude, unequal and irregular observation; it is a conclusion of your own, *temere et inæqualiter a rebus abstracta*. You rush to your conclusion in a hasty and disorderly way—you are thimble-rigging with the word madness, and using it as a market coin to purchase false notions and to hide true ones."

In another passage the word *inæqualis* is used in the same metaphysical sense. In his Essay on Earthly Hope Bacon speaks of false or over-weening hope—too sanguine expectation—as leading its votary to dwell in a sort of pleasant dream. This it is, he adds, *quod reddit animam levem, tumidam, inæqualem, peregrinantem*, which makes the mind light, frothy, or swelling, unequal, wandering. Here also *inequality* as a mental attribute is connected with mistaking fictions for facts—the dreams of hope for the substance of reality—and putting all these passages together, I think we get a fairly satisfactory exposition of Isabella's speech. Bacon's metaphysical use of the word explains Shakespeare's, and I do not think any one but Bacon would have so used it.

I must just refer to the word *Permission*, the use of which is explained in the *Bacon Journal* II., 144.

Iago says, in his cynical way, that love is "a lust of the blood, a Permission of the Will" (*Oth.* I., iii.). Bacon constantly speaks

of "intellectus sibi *permissus*"—the intellect left to itself : but he allows this *permissio intellectus*, letting loose a permission of the intellect, at a certain stage of any inductive process ;—for a time the intellect may throw off its logical restraints and have a certain liberty or license of making hypotheses. Mr. Ellis says, "The phrase *permissio intellectus* sufficiently indicates that in this process the mind is suffered to follow the course most natural to it ; it is relieved from the restraints hitherto imposed upon it, and reverts to its usual state." And *permissio voluntatis*, Iago's permission of the will, means that the will set free from governance, moving without restraint of law, or reason, or duty. Consequently "a permission of the will" does not mean that the will, although claiming a right to govern, either waives the right or gives its license to the blood ; but that the will itself is released from all impediment and control and allows the impulses of passion to accomplish themselves without restraint.

The word *instance* is another of Shakespeare's perplexing words. Dyce says, "It is used by Shakespeare with various shades of meaning which it is not easy to distinguish—motive, cause, ground, symptom, prognostic, information, assurance, proof, example, indication." Amidst these variations of meaning there is one which is strictly defined by Bacon and referred by him to the Latin phrase, *quod instat*—that which is urgent or imminent, just ready to happen. Bacon's words are, "Men fly to their ends when they should intend their beginnings, and so do not take things in the order of time as they come on, but marshal them according to greatness and not according to instance, not observing that good precept *quod nunc instat agamus*."

This use of instance as related to *quod instat* may be seen in many passages in Shakespeare. For example, "The Duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry your eyes."

One of our convent and his confessor, "Gives me this instance." *M.M.* IV., iii., 132, *i.e.* he tells me this as an event, *quod instat*, in time.

"A league from Epidamnum had we sailed  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic *instance* of our harm."

*Com. Errors*, I., i., 63.

*i.e.*, any indication of what would immediately happen. The phrase "always-wind-obeying deep," is purely classical in construction, and Greek more than Latin.



"The examples  
Of every minutes' instance (present now),  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms."

2 *Henry IV.*, i., 80.

*i.e.*, examples of what might happen at any minute.

When Shakespeare writes—

"Please ye, we may *contrive* this afternoon."

(*T. S.*, I. ii., 276).

he employs with unusual audacity a Latin word in a sense not very common in latin, and utterly anomalous and unprecedented in English—in the sense of wear away, consume, spend. Terence writes, *Cursando et ambulando totum nunc contrivi diem*, and Bacon uses the word in his *Novum Organum* I., 112. *In meditationibus et commentationibus ingenii temporis infinitum temporis contriverunt*. "In meditations and fictions of the mind they have consumed (or spent) infinite time."

*Extenuate* is one of the words pointed out by Hallam as indicating Shakespeare's use of English words in a classic sense. The Latin word *extensio* means make thin or small, lessen or weaken. In English the same radicle sense is implied but it is used only with reference to conduct—the palliation or excusing of admitted faults. Shakespeare uses it in an entirely different way. He writes, "The law of Athens which by no means we may extenuate." (*M. N. D.* I., i., 120)—*i.e.*, weaken, rob of its substance. "You may not so *extenuate* his offence for I have had such faults" (*M. M.* II., i., 17)—not excuse, not lessen the gravity or import of the offence.

Bacon says of adverse fortune such as poverty, or loss of rank and power, that for "the most part it extenuateth the mind, and makes it apprehensive of fears." And he concludes his panegyric of Queen Elizabeth by saying, "But why do I forget that words do *extenuate* and embase matters of so great weight." (*Life*, I., 126, 142).

*Recordation* represents the Latin word *recordatio*, calling to mind, recollection, remembrance. It is not strictly speaking an English word at all; Shakespeare thus uses it:—

"I never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high an heaven  
For *recordation* to my noble husband."

2 *Henry IV.*, II., iii. 58.

and again—

“To make a Recordation to my soul by every syllable that here was spoke.”

*Tro. and Cres.*, V., ii. 116.

*Simular* is not English, but Shakespeare uses it—

“Thou perjured and thou *simular* man of virtue,  
Thou art incestuous.”

*Lear*, III., ii. 51.

“My practice so prevailed  
That I returned with *simular* proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad.”

*Cymb.*, XV., 119.

*Simulo* is to copy, or imitate, counterfeit, feign. “*Simular* man of virtue” therefore means a man whose virtue is *sham* or counterfeit. *Simular proof* means facts which looks like evidence, but are not so. It is an unsuccessful attempt to plant a Latin word into the vernacular.

*Sort* in one passage, and one only, represents the Latin word *sors*, a lot.

“No! Make a lottery,  
And by device let blockish Ajax draw  
The *sort* to fight with Hector.”

*Tro. and Cres.*, I., iii. 374.

The word *speculation* in English refers to mental operation, not *eyesight*. Shakespeare always, and Bacon often uses it in its physical sense, outward light not inward vision, although the two meanings may be combined in one use of the word. Thus Macbeth, scared by Banquo's ghost, exclaims—

“Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with.”

*Macbeth*, III., iv. 95.

and in a profoundly metaphysical discourse, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the word is so used as to convey a psychological teaching by physical illustration.

“*Speculation* turns not to itself  
Till it hath travelled, and is mirrored there  
Where it may see itself.”

*Tro. and Cres.*, III., iii. 109.

*i.e.* the eye cannot look directly at itself—it must see itself in a mirror.

A different application, suggesting the Latin word *specula*, a

watch town, may be found in these two passages. The Constable of France, in his contempt for the English army, says that their own superfluous lacqueys and peasants might deal with them.

"Though we upon this mountains basis by,  
Took stand for idle speculation."

Henry V., IV., ii. 30.

Still more plainly is the watching sense seen in the following:—

"Servants, who seem no less,  
Which are to France the spies and *speculations*,  
Intelligent of our state."

Lear, III., i. 23.

Othello, talking half Latin and half English, speaks of his "Speculative and *officed* instruments." His faculties of observation and duty. *Officed* here follows the Latin sense of officium-duty. Cicero's treatise on Ethics is entitled De Officiis.

The word *stelled* is used with two absolutely distinct meanings, neither of them English, one Latin, the other Greek.

The Latin sense is related to the word *stella*, a star or constellation.

Of Lear, in the tempest, it is said—

"The Sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell black night endured, would have buoyed up,  
And quench'd the *stelled* fires."

Lear, III., vii. 59.

Bacon's belief that the stars are true fires is clearly reflected in this passage—

The other sense of *Stella* is from the Greek word *στέλλω*, meaning to fix, set in its place. It occurs twice, first in the 24th Sonnet—

"Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in the table of my heart."

The other in *Lucrece* (1443)—

"To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd."

It may be noted that in both instances when this peculiar signification of *stelled* is employed, it is referred to the art of painting.

A very curious word is *constringed*, which occurs *once* only. "The dreadful spirit which shipmen do the *hurricane* call *constringed* in mass by the Almighty Sun."

Troilus and Cressida, VII. 171.



The word is Latin. *Constringo* means "bind together,"—"tie up like a bundle," and so, metaphorically, give coherence or consistence. Bacon says of the syllogism that it lays hold of assent but does not grasp the thing itself to which assent is given. "*Assensum itaque constringit non res.*"

The syllogism ties up the conclusion in a parcel by the constriction of the premises and so commands assent; but it does not necessarily govern the mind by presenting the thing itself. It is a logical form, not a material or essential fact.

Here then are some thirty words out of a collection of more than 250, showing that Latin was a step-mother tongue to the poet: he had probably been accustomed to use it as an instrument of expression, and the arts and fragments of it were perpetually scattered in his English composition.

The words I have given, alphabetically arranged, are—Act, Aspersion, Cadent, Capricious, Captious, Consequence, Constringed, Contrive, Document, Double, Eminent, Evitate, Exsufficate, Extenuate, Fatigate, Immanity, Include, Inequality, Inhabitable, Instance, Intenible, Office, Oppugnancy, Permission, Propugnation, Recordation, Repugnancy, Simular, Sort, Speculation, Stelled (*bis*).

One very characteristic mark of Shakespeare's scholarship is its unobtrusive quality, which has blinded many critics to its extent and even its reality. Shakespeare was no pedant. He uses his learning but he does not parade it; the lump of sugar is not seen, but the composition is sweeter for its presence.

Hence the critics extol the scholarship of Ben Jonson as large and unequivocal, and when he said of Shakespeare that he had small Latin and less Greek, they are green enough to believe him. If Jonson had founded a play on the *Electra* of Sophocles, which Mr. White contends the poet of *Hamlet* did, he would not have left it for unborn critics to discover; it would have been glaring on the face of it, gross and palpable. But Shakespeare, in this as in all other respects, keeps his own personality in the background, partly, I doubt not, because he felt perfectly sure of immortality, but chiefly because he was a true artist, a perfect adept in the art of concealing Art—more intent on the expression of his ideas than on self-assertion.

The bearing of all this on the question of Baconian authorship is very clear. If the writer was so familiar with the classic languages as to have all the literature of Greece and Rome at his command—if Latin was so familiar to him that it obtruded itself upon his English and made him talk and write with a foreign—*i.e.* a classic accent—the poet must have been *some such man* as Bacon was, he could not have been such a man as William

Shakespeare was, the poet was no untutored child of nature, but a scholar and a man of the world—not warbling wood notes wild, but governing all the pedals, and all the stops, and all the manuals of a mighty organ, capable of whispering the softest and simplest flute tones of Arcady, but capable also of thundering forth in majestic diapason the largest themes of the great world, and the choicest harmonies of the most refined and cultivated art.

R. E. THEOBALD.

## “SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF ELIZABETH.”

### NO. 1.—DATE 1558: THE RIGHT OF SUCCESSION.

**I**N reviewing the play of King John, we shall endeavour to unravel the history contained therein, and invite attention to its close agreement with the events of Elizabeth's reign, although running on somewhat parallel lines with the history of John.

The location of Prince Arthur's death, so near to that of Mary Stuart's, and the absence of any mention of Magna Charta, are very significant. In the opening of the play, John is giving audience to Chatillon, who, as ambassador of Philip, challenges the former's right to the throne, and claims it on behalf of Prince Arthur. In these lines we find a singular coincidence with the opening of Elizabeth's reign.

“An armistice had been arranged between the three countries, and a conference was being held at Cercamp, during which, Queen Mary died. Affecting to suppose that the interests of Spain, in England, must have died with the late Queen, the French Commissioners at once, on the arrival of the news, challenged Elizabeth's right, they made an immediate effort to separate Philip from her, and scarcely cared to conceal their intention of striking an immediate blow if Spain would look on and hold its hand.”—Froude's *History of England*, 1558.

*Chat.*—Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France  
In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.*—A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

*K. John.*—Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

*Chat.*—Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair *island* and the territories,—

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Act I., Scene 2, Ending, *Eli.*—Which none but heaven, and  
you, and I, shall hear.

### No. 2.—DATE, 1591 : THE POST.

#### Act. I., Scene 1.

Beginning : *Bast.*—Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to thee !

Ending :                      Oh, me ! it is my mother.

These lines, we suggest, have reference to the occasion of Sir Robert Cecil entertaining Queen Elizabeth, when he endeavoured to propitiate her favour by getting up one of the most original pieces of flattery that was ever devised for her gratification. A person, in the dress of a "Post" enters, with letters, exclaiming :—

"Is Mr. Secretary Cecil here? Did you see Mr. Secretary? Gentlemen, can you bring me to Mr. Secretary Cecil?" To which a Gentleman Usher replies, and after some high-flown compliments to the various perfections of her Majesty, the Post says :—

"Well, I am half persuaded to deliver the letters to her own hand ; but, sir, they come from the Emperor of China, in a language that she understands not."

"Usher : Why, then, you are very simple, Post. Though it be so, yet these princes, as the Great Turk and the rest, do always send a translation in *Italian, French, Spanish, or Latin*, and then it's all one to her," etc., etc., etc.

The most surprising part of the matter was, that her Majesty could sit quietly to listen to so many fulsome compliments.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1591.

*Bast.*—And so, ere answer knows what question would,—

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,

The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*,—

It draws towards supper in conclusion so,

But this is worshipful society

And fits the mounting spirit like myself ;

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation,—



And so am I, whether I smack or no ;  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :

\* \* \* \* \*

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

\* \* \* \* \*

What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 3.—DATE 1571 : RIDOLFI CONSPIRACY.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning : *K. Phi.*—Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Ending : *Aust.*—In such a just and charitable war.

Elizabeth was threatened with this formidable conspiracy, which included many powerful English noblemen, the Pope, and Philip II. The latter had not hitherto been favourable to the interests of Mary Stuart, and the line

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,

is the occasion of her cause receiving Spanish support for the first time.—Froude's *History of England*, 1571.

The following lines raise the question of Richard's identity—

Arthur, that great *forerunner* of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave ;  
 And, for amends to his *posterity*,  
 At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural Uncle, English John,  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Taking " forerunner " as ancestral, it does not apply to Coeur-de-Lion and Arthur, but if we substitute François de Bourbon and Mary Stuart, the former being killed in Italy in 1425, the line

The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 consistently agrees, she being his great granddaughter.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love ;

represents her in her imprisonment, when it was secretly understood that should the conspiracy prove successful, she would hold herself at Philip's disposal, either to marry Norfolk or Don John of Austria.

Austria's speech represents Philip's attitude at this period.

#### NO. 4.—DATE 1558: OVERTURES FOR PEACE.

##### Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—Well, then to work: our cannon shall be bent.

Ending: *Chat.*—To parley or to fight: therefore prepare.

Satisfied with the triumph of a policy which had annexed the crown of Scotland to France, and with having driven the English by main strength from their last foothold on French soil, Henry could now be content to evacuate Savoy and Piedmont, if Philip on his side would repeat the desertion of Crépy, and having brought England into the war, would leave her to endure her own losses, or avenge them by her single strength.

With this secret meaning on the part of France an overture for peace was commenced in the autumn of 1558, through the mediation of the *Duchess of Lorraine*.

An armistice was agreed upon, and the first conference was held at the Abbey of Cercamp.

*Froude's History of England, 1558.*

*Const.*—Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*K. Phi.*—A wonder, lady,—lo! upon thy wish  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd!  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon speak.

#### NO. 5.—DATE 1558-9: ELIZABETH'S DEMAND FOR THE RESTORATION OF CALAIS.

##### Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Peace be to France in peace permit.

Ending:     ,,     ,,     Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

On Elizabeth's accession she continued her private correspondence with France. Calais, she insisted, must be restored, her people were determined to have that blot to their nation swept away.

*K. John.*—Peace be to France if France in peace permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!

Henry determined to challenge the sovereignty of the whole Britannic Empire for his youthful daughter-in-law Mary Stuart, as the rightful representative of Henry VII.

During the preliminary negotiations for the peace of Cambray, Elizabeth's demand for the restitution of Calais as a portion of the English dominion was met with this insulting rejoinder from the French Commissioners: "In that case, it ought to be surrendered to the Dauphin's consort, the Queen of Scots, whom we take to be the Queen of England."

*Froude's History of England, 1558-9.*

*K. John.*—From whom hast thou this great commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.*—From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right,  
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

#### No. 6.—HENRY VIII.'S WILL.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Eli.*—Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and earth!

Ending: *Const.*—A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

The question arises in regard to these lines, Who is intended?

"This is thy eldest son's son"

is not correct in its genealogy as regards Geoffrey and his son Arthur, and to agree with our assumption we suggest that Elinor *here* represents Henry VIII., whom the lines more reasonably portray, and the line altered to

This is thy eldest sister's grand-daughter

would be in agreement with the relationship of Mary Stuart in the line, "Being but the second generation removed."



*Eli.*—Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Agreeing with the will of Henry VIII., barring the descendants of his sister Margaret from the right to the throne of England.

No. 7.—DATE 1559: CONFERENCE OF CAMBRAY.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *First Cit.*—Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

Ending: *K. Phi.*—Command the rest to stand,—God and our right!

Since he had resolved at all hazards to keep Calais, Henry was unwilling to bind himself by a promise which he had pre-determined to break.

*K. John.*—They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears.

Elizabeth found herself thrown back upon the solid facts of her position, with her Spanish allies alone to trust to. The congress reopened at Cambray on the 5th February. Lord William Howard, the third English Commissioner, was delayed in London and did not appear till four days after the opening. His last instructions from Elizabeth were to surrender anything except Calais, but to remain firm upon that. Philip, on the other hand, was weary of the war. He was irritated with Elizabeth, and insisted that he was penniless, and that peace must be made.

*Froude's History of England, 1559.*

*Bast.*—Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine *hostess' door*,  
Teach us some fence! (To Austria) Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

Attention is directed to the line Act I., Scene 1, where Elinor says, "I am a soldier and bound for France." Elinor, we suggest, represents Lord William Howard.

No. 8.—DATE 1559: THE MARRIAGE QUESTIONS.

Act II., Scene 2.

Beginning: *First Cit.*—Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay.

Ending: *K. John.*—Holds hand with any princess of the world.

Henry's war-fever having somewhat cooled, he sought to carry out his design of uniting the three crowns by the aid of "marriages," and as a settlement of existing differences.

In these lines Blanch has a dual character, representing Mary Stuart and Elizabeth, the interests of the two queens being interwoven. In the First Citizen's speech it is undoubtedly the portrait of Mary Stuart, while Elinor's speech is on behalf of Elizabeth, and a reply to Henry's proposition.

"Montmorency," in reply to Alva, said, "Thus much Henry might be induced to yield." Elizabeth might be left in undisturbed possession of the crown of England, on condition that her children should intermarry with Mary Stuart's. France, meanwhile, should keep Calais for eight years.

*First Cit.*—Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league.

Henry followed up his first step by a more decided overture. Going at once to the central difficulty, he instructed Guido Calvacanti to say to the Queen, that, although Calais was part of the ancient patrimony of France, and the French nation would give all their substance to keep it, but if she would marry in a quarter from which France had nothing to fear, an expedient would be found between himself, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Queen of England, for a perpetual union of England, France, and Scotland.

*Froude's History of England.*

*Elz.*—Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition.  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.*—Why answer not the double majesties,  
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

## No. 9.—DATE 1575-82: ELIZABETH'S LAST MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

## Act II., Scene 2.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—What sayest thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Ending: *Lew.*—For I do love her most unfeignedly.

The speeches in these lines have a difference in tone to the preceding ones, and we venture to suggest that they portray Elizabeth and Alençon.

"Alençon came—came without any ostentation, and the objection behind which Elizabeth had sheltered herself hitherto was removed, she had seen him. He was a small brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse croaking voice, but whether from contradiction, or from whatever cause, she professed to be enchanted with him. She, who was accustomed to the society of the stately Dudley's and Sidney's, declared she had never seen a man who pleased her so well, never one whom she could so willingly make her husband. For him too, as for Simier, she had a name of endearment. Simier was her "monkey," Alençon her "grenouille," her frog, a frog prince beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover's eyes, a form of preternatural beauty.

*Froude's History of England.*

*Lew.*—I do protest I never lov'd myself,  
Till now, infixed, I beheld myself  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

*Bast.* (aside)—Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor—this is pity now,  
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be  
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

On October 2nd, 1579. The Queen summoned her council to meet and deliberate on the subject of her marriage with the Duke of Anjou (*Alençon*).

*Blanch.*—My uncle's will in this respect is mine :  
If he see ought in you that makes him like  
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,  
7 I can with ease translate it to my will.

\*

\*

\*

\*



## No. 10.—QUEEN REGENT OF SCOTLAND, FEARS A PEACE.

## Act. III., Scene 1.

Beginning : *Const.*—Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
 Ending : *Const.*—Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

These lines, we suggest, have reference to the “expedient” by which Henry II. hoped to bring about a peaceful settlement, viz., by a marriage of Elizabeth to a French prince. This would have been a blow to the hopes and designs of the Queen Regent, whose alarm is expressed by

*Const.*—Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
 False blood to false blood joined ! gone to be friends !

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Lewis marry Blanch ! oh, boy, then where art thou ?  
 France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

*Arth.*—I do beseech you, madame, be content,  
*Const.*—If thou, that biddst me be content, wert grim,  
 Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother’s womb,  
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

I then would be content  
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown,  
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great :  
 Of Nature’s gifts Thou may’st *with lilies boast*  
 And with the *half blown rose*.

## No. 11.—DATE 1559 : THE PEACE OF CAMBRAY.

## Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning : *K. Phi.*—’Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day.

Ending : *Const.*—And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.

Seeing that it was useless to persevere further, the French gave way, and on the 12th March, 1559, a final arrangement was concluded by which they bound themselves to deliver Calais, Guisnes, and the whole pale intact in its existing condition at the time stated, viz., at the end of eight years, or else forfeit the sum of half a million crowns, and leave the English claim unimpaired ; to evacuate, and raze the fortresses which they had built

on the Scotch border; and to give substantial security for the money. As a last precaution the Spanish commissioners required that the Dauphin and Dauphiness should confirm the treaty and directly recognize Elizabeth's right to the crown.

*Froude's History of England, 1559.*

Mary of Lorraine, Queen Regent of Scotland, was at this period contending against a rebellion, and combating the Reformation, the withdrawal of French support at this critical juncture was an overwhelming misfortune to her already difficult position, and a very serious check to the ambitious designs of her brothers, the princes of Lorraine, so that this "treaty" was most disastrous to all her hopes; it was "war."

*Const.*—You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace.

\* \* \* \*

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace!

*Const.*—War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria!—  
[O France! O Spain!]

## No. 12.—DATE 1558-9: SUPREMACY.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Pand.*—Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!

Ending: *Pand.*—That takes away by any secret course thy hateful life.

The Queen began to put in practice that oath of supremacy which her father first ordained, and amongst the many that refused that oath was my Lord Chancellor, Dr. Heath.

*Miss Strickland, Life of Elizabeth.*

The words of the oath were read over to them; and the Archbishop of York (Dr. Heath) was first asked to swear: instead of replying, he addressed Elizabeth, with a haughty admonition to remember her duty, and to dread the curse which would follow if she were disobedient.

I will answer you, Elizabeth replied, in the words of Joshua. As Joshua said of himself and his. I and my realm will serve the Lord. My sister could not bind the realm, nor bind those who should come after her, to submit to a *usurped authority*. I

take those who maintain here the Bishop of Rome and his ambitious pretentions to be *enemies to God and to me.*

*Froude's History of England.*

*K. John.*—What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not Cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous.  
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under Heaven are *supreme head*,  
So under Him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold.  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart  
To him *and his usurp'd authority.*

*K. Phi.*—Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.*—Though you, and all the kings of christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale, sells pardon from himself,  
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone, do me oppose  
Against the Pope, *and count his friends my foes.*

*Pand.*—Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to a heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd  
Canonised and worshipp'd as a saint.  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

Stephen Langton, we suggest, represents Dr. Heath.

No. 13.—DATE 1588-9: HENRY 3RD, AND THE KING OF NAVARRE.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Ending: *Pand.*—But in despair die under their black weight.

On December 23rd, 1588, the Duke of Guise was



assassinated at the instigation of Henry III. The Sorborne decided that Frenchmen were relieved from their oath of allegiance to Henry III. and he was left with only one possible ally who could render him effectual service, viz. Henry of Navarre, and the Protestants. It cost Henry III. a great deal to have recourse to that party, his conscience and his pusillanimity revolted at it equally: in spite of his moral corruption, he was a sincere Catholic, and the prospect of excommunication troubled him deeply.

*K. Phi.*—I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

*Pand.*—What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd.

On arriving at Tours, Henry sent Rosny to the King of Navarre, and consented to everything proposed by the latter, promised him a town on the Loire, and said he was ready to make with him, not a downright peace just at first, but a good long *truce*, which *in their two hearts would at once be an eternal peace and a sincere reconciliation.*

On April 3rd, 1589. A *truce* for a year was concluded between the two kings, and on the 29th it was made public, after which they met each other. What joy everyone felt at this interview; there was such a throng of people, that, notwithstanding all efforts to preserve order, the two kings were a full quarter of an hour in the road-way of Plessis Park holding out their hands to one another without being able to join them; at last, having *joined hands*, they embraced very lovingly even to tears.

Great was the excitement throughout Europe, as well as in France. At the courts of Madrid and Rome, and in the park of Plessis-les-Tours. A very serious blow for Philip II., and a very bad omen for the future of his policy, was this alliance between Henry III. and the King of Navarre, between a great portion of the Catholics of France and the Protestants.

Guizot, "*History of France: L. of Henry III.*" 1588-9.

*K. Phi.*—*This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows:  
The latest breath that gave the sound to words  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
Between our kingdoms and our royal-selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we could wash our hands,  
To clap this rough bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained.*

With *slaughter's pencil*, where *revenge did paint*  
 The *fearful difference* of *incensed king's* :  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both.  
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret ?  
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with Heaven  
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to *snatch our palm from palm* :  
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity ? . . .

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Pand.*—France, thou mayst hold a *serpent*\* by the tongue.  
 A chafed *lion*† by the mortal paw,  
 A fasting *tiger*‡ safer by the tooth,  
 Than keep in peace *that hand which thou dost hold*.

In a letter to the king (Charles IX.) August 23rd, 1570, Conde, in setting forth the grievances of the reformers, speaks of the Cardinal of Lorraine as that infamous priest, that tiger of France.

Guizot, *History of France*.

#### NO. 14.—DATE 1558-9 : THE FRENCH TROOPS IN SCOTLAND.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Lewis*.—Father to arms !

Ending: *K. John*.—No more than he that threats.—To  
 arms lets hie !

April 14th, 1558. The marriage (Mary Stuart's) was celebrated with great pomp ; and the French who had hitherto affected to draw a veil over their designs upon Scotland, began now to unfold their intention without any disguise.

Robertson's *History of Scotland*, 1558.

*Lewis*.—Father, to arms !

*Blanch*.—Upon thy wedding day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughtered  
 men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,—  
 Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp ?

The Queen Regent's scheme began gradually to unfold ; it was now apparent that not only the religion, but the liberties of

\* Catherine de Medici. † Elizabeth. ‡ Cardinal of Lorraine.

the kingdom were threatened, and that the French troops were to be employed as instruments for subduing the Scots, and wreathing the yoke about their necks.

Robertson's *History of Scotland*, 1559.

*Blanch.*—The sun's o'ercast with blood : fair day adieu !  
Which is the side that I must go withal  
I am with both : each army hath a hand ;  
And in their rage, I, having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder and dismember me.  
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win  
Uncle,\* I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;  
Father,† I may not wish the fortune thine ;  
Grandam,‡ I will not wish thy wishes thrive  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose  
Assumed loss before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.*—Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.*—There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

Noailles said his master was about to send an army to suppress the rebellion. Elizabeth replied with sudden sharpness—Look you to your affairs, and I shall look to mine. Those armies and fleets of yours in Normandy are not meant for Scotland only. Noailles assured her that his master would observe the treaties. It may be so, she said, but in times of danger it is the custom of England to arm. She had acted before she spoke, silently and swiftly she had refilled the empty treasury.

Froude's *History of England*, 1559.

*K. Phi.*—Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John*—No more than he that threats,—To arms let's hie !

No. 15.—DATE 1571 : CECIL FRUSTRATES THE RIDOLFI  
CONSPIRACY.

Act III., Scene 2. The Scene.

Cecil, having obtained information of what was going on, followed up every thread of the "web" that was being woven, and before the conspirators had time to complete their plans, he was enabled by his masterly activity to scatter the whole scheme to the winds.

Froude's *History of England*, 1571.

*Bast.*—Now, by my life, this day grows wonderous hot ;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky.  
And pours down mischief—Austria's head, lie there,  
While Philip breathes.

\* Brother, Earl of Murray. † Mother. ‡ Elizabeth.



No. 16.—DATE 1594: THE BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

Act III., Scene 3.

Beginning: *Bast.*—Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back.

Ending:       ,,       For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand

Sir Robert Cecil, not to be out-done by the benchers of Gray's Inn (who had just previously entertained her Majesty with a burlesque masque, called the Prince of Purpoole, the manager of which was Francis Bacon), taxed his unpoetic brain in the composition of an oration, which was addressed to her Majesty by a person in the character of a hermit.

In the course of his long hyperbolical speech, the hermit addresses the most absurd flattery to the royal sexagenarian, and often some mystical allusion to the aged Burleigh, recommends the son to her Majesty; he then makes a very catholic offering in these words—

In token of my poor affection, I present you, on my knees, these poor trifles agreeable to my profession, the first is a bell, not big, but of gold; the second is a book of good prayers, garnished with the same metal; the third is a candle of virgin wax, meet for a virgin queen. . . . The like thereof I will still retain in my cell, . . . for the increase of my devotion, whereby I may be free to my meditation and prayers, for your majesty's continuance in your prosperity, health and princely comfort.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1594.

*Bast.*—Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beckns me to come on.

I leave your highness—Grandam I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

No. 17.—DATE, 1586: QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR AMYAS PAULET AT FOTHERINGAY.

Act. III. Scene III.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Come hither, Hubert, Oh, my gentle Hubert.

Ending:     *K. John.*—Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.

Amyas, my most faithful and careful servant! God reward thee treblefold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew my Amyas, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavours and faultless actions, your wise orders and safe regard, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would

ease your travails and rejoice your heart, in which I charge you place this, this most thought that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasure to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you; if I acknowledge not such merit, non omnibus dictum. Let your wicked murderess know how, with hearty sorrow, her vile deserts compel these orders; and bid her from me ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealings towards the saviour of her life many a year to the intolerable peril of my own, etc., etc., etc.

With my most loving adieu and prayer for thy long life, your most assured and loving sovereign as thereby by good deserts induced.

*K. John.*—Come hither, Hubert, Oh, my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

\*            \*            \*            \*

I had a thing to say—but let it go;  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

\*            \*            \*            \*

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night,  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

\*            \*            \*            \*

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words.  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

\*            \*            \*            \*

1586, OCTOBER 29TH.

Parliament met and petitioned Elizabeth that the death sentence might be carried out. Elizabeth made an elaborate and mystified harangue in reply, with a great parade of mercy and christian charity, and concluding her speech by informing them of another attempt to be made on her life, thus exciting a more deadly flame of loyal indignation in their bosoms against her, who was pointed at as the inciter of all attempts against the person of Elizabeth. The parliament responded in a tone that

was desired, with a more ardent requisition for the blood of Mary. Elizabeth faltered: her mind tempest-tossed between her desire for Mary's death and her reluctance to stand forth to the world as her acknowledged executioner. She would have the deed performed in some other way, but how?

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586.

*K. John.*— . . . Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yond young boy : I tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way ;  
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.*— And I'll keep him so, That he shall not offend  
your majesty.

*K. John.*— Death.

*Hub.*— My Lord ?

*K. John.*— A grave,

*Hub.*— He shall not live.

*K. John.*— Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember.

N.B.—The remaining lines of this scene refer to the departure of Lord William Howard, to attend the conference of Cambray, 1559.

#### No. 18.—DATE 1588 : THE SPANISH ARMADA.

##### Act III., Scene 4.

Beginning : *K. Phi.*—So, by a roaring tempest on the flood.

Ending : *K. Phi.*—So we could find some pattern of our shame.

The 29th May, 1588, beheld the mighty array of tall vessels leave the bay of Lisbon. Off Cape Finisterre a storm from the west, scattered the fleet along the coast of Galicia, and after much damage had been done, compelled the Duke of Medina Sidona, the inexperienced grandee by whom this stupendous naval force was commanded, to run into the harbour of Corunna for the repair of his shattered vessels.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*.

*K. Phi.*—So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole *Armado* of convicted sail  
Is scattered and disjoined fellowship.

*Paul.*—Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.*—What can go well, when we have run so ill ?

\* \* \* \*



*Lew.*—What he hath won, that he hath fortified  
 So hot a speed with such advise disposed  
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause  
 Doth want example : who hath read or heard  
 Of any kindred action like to this ?

The first speech establishes the identity of the Spanish Armada, the first line very accurately agrees with the time of its first discomfiture, viz. a storm at the outset. *Armado* in the second, denotes its nationality, while the third, exactly describes the nature of the disaster.

Most of the officers were at the moment playing bowls on the Hoe, and Drake, who was one of them, bade them not hurry themselves, but play out the game and then go and beat the Spaniards.

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause  
 Doth want example.

#### NO. 19.—DATE 1586-7 : HENRY III., AND THE LEAGUE.

##### Act III., Scene 4.

Beginning : *Pand.*—Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Ending : *Lew.*—If you say ay, the king will not say no.

The political situation of this period was most complicated, and the lines contain many intricacies of policy. Pandulph's design to place Lewis upon the English throne puts on one side Arthur and his superior claim, and, although the news of Lewis's approach should be the signal for the former's death, yet, action was to be taken in vengeance upon John, and Arthur might be sacrificed to bring about a revolt in England. This probably reflects the policy of Sextus V. who was unfavourably disposed towards Mary Stuart.

"So matters stood at Rome when the news of Mary Stuart's execution arrived. In so slight esteem was the lady held at the Vatican, that Olivarez says the Pope doubted whether he would allow the celebration of the ordinary obsequies ; and political intrigue became ten times hotter than before, for it did seem necessary that some definite arrangements should now be made for the English crown."—Froude's *History of England*.

Sextus, although he liked Philip's religion, hated his politics, and was jealous of any increase to his power, hence we find the "league" looking to Henry III., whose attitude at this period the lines of "*Lewis*" so accurately described.

Henry was not willing to take any action against Elizabeth ; although the treatment of his sister-in-law had given him deep

offence, his hatred to the Guise party was deeper, but for his own safety he had to keep up appearances with the league at the same time. His interview with Sir Edward Stafford indicates a secret understanding with Elizabeth.

*Froude's History of England.*

*Pand.*—Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit :  
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
 Out of the path which shall directly lead  
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark  
 John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 The misplaced John should entertain an hour,  
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

\* \* \* \*

Oh, sir, when he shall hear of your approach  
 If that young Arthur be not gone already  
 Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him.

Rapin, with sophistry unworthy an historian, says, "The Queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass that one of the Queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall."

*Miss Strickland, Life of Elizabeth, 1586.*

*Paud.*—That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall :  
*So be it, for it cannot be but so.*

The "right" which Pandulph suggests to Lewis probably refers to the secret "Deed" which Mary signed, conferring the kingdom of Scotland, with whatever inheritance or succession might accrue to it, in free gift upon the crown of France.

*Robertson's History of Scotland, 1588.*

*Paud.*—You in your right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

J. A. COURT.

(To be continued.)

---

## NOTES.

MR. L. BIDDULPH has called attention, in the last number of *Baconiana*, to a Greek Anagram (from the correspondence of Antony Bacon, at Lambeth Palace Library), in which a striking comparison is made between Antony Bacon and Cato. Indeed he is called "A Cato of Wise Life." Mr. Biddulph then proceeds to point out how abundantly Francis Bacon quotes the two Catoes. One of the things he cites from Cato is as follows: Cato the Censor used to say of the Romans, "*that they were like sheep, for that a man might better drive a flock of them than one of them, for in a flock, if you could but get some few of them to go right, the rest would follow*" (*De Augmentis*, Book VIII., chap. I.) I would here wish to call attention to the wonderful reflection this fondness for the sayings of Cato finds in the plays. For example, in *Julius Cæsar*, we hear Cassius exclaiming:—

"And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep."

(*Julius Cæsar*, Act I., iii., 104.)

It will be perceived that this is a very perfect parallel, inasmuch as in Bacon's citation from Cato, and in the above from the play of *Julius Cæsar*, in both instances it is the Romans who are pointed at and compared to sheep! Indeed the entire play of *Julius Cæsar* betrays familiar study of the family of Catoes. In this play we are introduced to Portia, who was the daughter of Cato. She describes herself thus:—

"I grant I am a woman: but withal

A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter."

(Act II., i.)

Portia gives herself a voluntary wound in the thigh in order to test her own powers of endurance and fortitude for the sake of her husband Brutus. The latter is so much struck with his wife's extraordinary virtues, that he exclaims:—

"O ye Gods, render me worthy of this worthy wife."

It may not be amiss to remark that we find Bacon compared to Brutus in one of the *Manes Verulamiani* published in the last number of *Baconiana*. In an unsigned address to the "Author of the Instauration," we find among many epithets applied to Francis Bacon these words:—"Companion of the Sun; a square of certainty; scourge of sophistry; a literary *Brutus* stripping off Tyranny from Authority" (pages 39, 40, *Manes Verulamiani*, No. 21, Jan. *Baconiana*).

I venture to quote this, because the author of the play of *Julius Cæsar* shows a predilection for the character of Brutus in

so marked a fashion, that it has called forth the attention of modern writers and dramatic critics. Practically, Julius Cæsar disappears, as a living person, before the middle of the play is over. We find him assassinated in the first scene of the third act—that is to say, when two acts only have been concluded. The celebrated scholar, Paul Stapfer, insists very much upon this preference shown for the character of Brutus, in his *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*. I think Mr. Bernard Shaw has lately been pointing out the same thing in another way—that the real hero and principal personage in the play is Brutus and not Julius Cæsar. It is here to be noted that Bacon, in a short character sketch of Julius Cæsar, condemns his ambition while praising his excellent virtues.

To return to the Cato family, as reflected in the plays, we have the heroine of the *Merchant of Venice*, named Portia. And let no one imagine the choice of this name was unconscious or accidental. It was of Portia, Cato's daughter, Brutus' wife, the author was thinking, as is proved by Bassanio's description of her:—

“And she is fair, and fairer than that word  
Of wondrous virtues.—  
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued  
To Cato's Portia, Brutus' Portia.”

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Scene 1.)

Thus we find the studies of Cato, and of the Cato family, taking a very prominent place not only in the prose writings of Francis Bacon, but also conspicuously evident in the plays. There can be very little doubt that the poet chose the name of Portia on account of her “wondrous virtues,” as a type and pattern of perfection, to stand for what Goethe has called the “*Woman soul*.” It is the Divine law, contrasted with worldly law, that finds issue between the cruelty of Shylock and the judgment of Portia. The latter illustrates all those divine ideals with which we associate the soul.

With Mrs. Potts' permission, and without I hope trespassing upon her article, I venture to draw attention to one of the Manes Verulamiani, which seems to me important. It is one published in the last number of *Baconiana*, and signed E. F. Regal:—

“In Eundem Virum Eloquentissimum Viderit utilitas, monita meliora, sed adde ex Ithaca, fandi fictor, et omne tenes.”

E. F. Regal.

The translation is:—“If you wish to understand Bacon, it is useful to see (the motto) *monita meliora* give sage counsel. But add to this a composer of fiction, and you understand him altogether, understand his whole character.”

p. 39, *Baconiana*, January, 1898.



It has not as yet been pointed out that Bacon's motto was evidently borrowed from Virgil :—

*Cedamus Phæbo, moniti meliora sequamur.*

*Book III. Æneid, 188.*

And above all things, whilst upon this point, let me observe that Francis Bacon adopted and discovered this motto for himself during his life, in entire distinction to the family motto, which was "*mediocria firma*." We find Bacon adopting the Boar as his crest, with two, or double, stars, and sometimes in portraits of Francis Bacon (notably in Bacon's Remains by Archbishop Tenison, 1679), the motto and crest of later invention is placed separate and in little, upon the top of the old family escutcheon. I draw particular attention to this because it is my firm conviction Francis Bacon selected this motto of "*moniti meliora*" (not '*monita*' as quoted in a footnote, page 39 *Baconiana*) on account of the first two words, or suppressed portion of Virgil's line. The translation of this line is :—

Let us obey Apollo, being warned of higher things.

Now Apollo was god of medicine, divination, and poetry above all things. As Apollo Musagetes, he was the father and patron of the nine Muses, including Comedy and Tragedy among their number. In another of the Manes Verulamiani, signed by S. Collins, R.C.P., we find Francis Bacon compared to the Tenth Muse :—

"Now that a tenth muse is added to you nine, submit yourselves one and all to the funeral flames. Furnish (by your own burning) a bright light to the Father of you all. These are not ages worthy to enjoy you. Ah! What a master have we lost! Ah, what disgrace we suffer!"

p. 41, *Baconiana*, January, 1898.

In the Sonnets, Thirty-Seven (attributed to Shakespeare), we read :—

"Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke."

My theory is that this alludes to Apollo, who, at the same time that he was God of Poetry, was also God of Light and the Sun! Therefore the poet writes :—

"O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee  
When thou thyself don't give invention light?"

*Sonnet xxxvii.*

This is evidently Apollo, who inspires the poet with the light of genius, compared to Apollo, as the sun. Hence we find Bacon, in one of the elegies already quoted, called "*a companion of the Sun.*"

p. 39, Manes Verulamiana, January *Baconiana*.

Let the reader observe also, in the elegy by Collins we have just quoted, how after Bacon is compared to the *tenth Muse*, he is invoked to furnish by his own burning a bright light to the father of you all? Upon page twenty-seven of the last number of *Baconiana* will be found an elegy, signed John Burrhus. In it may be read these words:—

"We (poets) mere camp followers of Apollo, are yet a race untaught by learned men, making mere patch works, smatterings of our art" (p. 37, *Baconiana*, January, 1898).

It may be seen that Bacon's contemporaries considered poets to be the camp followers of Apollo! We find Bacon figuring as president at the Assizes held in Parnassus, by order of Apollo, as given by George Withers in his *Mercurius Britannicus*. We are to remember that in the number *ten* (considered from an esoteric point of view) we have *unity*—that is to say *ten* is a numerical expression for one group of nine. At the same time (in order that there should be no hiatus in the sequence of numbers) it is the first number of a second series of nine. Apollo, as embracing all the nine Muses, might be understood by something at the same time identical with them in unity, and yet separate in himself.

Whilst upon the subject of this elegy by E. F. Regal, what a mighty hint do we not receive, when we are told to add to Bacon's motto, *ex Ithaca!*

Viderit utilitas, monita meliora, sed adde ex  
*Ithaca* fandi fictor et omne tenes.

*Ithaca* is perhaps the most Homeric spot on the earth. It was the home of Ulysses, and of the poetess Sappho, who threw herself from off the Leucadian rock into the sea. I would there point out how we find Cicero saying—*Neque me Apollo fatis faudis dementem invitam ciet.* (Cicero, *De Div.* I. 31, Ex poetâ.) *Fictor* means a potter, one that works in clay, and is particularly applicable to a dramatist or playwright, who creates characters. We find Plautus bringing in the word

neque fictum, neque pictum, neque scriptum in poematis.

*Asin* i. 3, 22.

Thus the expression *fandi fictor*, as applied to Bacon when compared with Ulysses, is full of extraordinary point. Through out Virgil we find Ulysses almost universally called *the Ithacan-*

So we find Francis Bacon introducing his *colours of Good and Evil*, with a subtle allusion of Sinon to Ulysses.

"For many forms of speaking are equal in signification which are different in expression, for that which is sharp pierceth more forcibly than that which is flat, though the strength of the percussion be the same. Surely there is no man but will be a little more raised by hearing it said, 'Your enemies will triumph in this':—

" 'Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentus Atridæ,' "

than if it should be merely thus rendered—"This will be to your disadvantage, wherefore the sharp-edged and quick-pointed speeches are not to be despised."

*Colours of Good and Evil*, p. 211; *Liber VII. : Advancement of Learning*.

Bacon evidently introduces this line of Virgil's as an example of extraordinary craft and subtle dissimulation. Sinon's object is to deceive the Trojans, by making them believe they would please Ulysses if they put him to death, and of course he knew they would act contrary to this. Throughout Homer Ulysses is everywhere depicted as the very essence of crafty subtlety and wise dissimulation, hence obtained the name of any clever contrivance, or ingenious mechanism :—Ὀδυσσεὺς μηχανῇ—*Ulyseum inventum*. It is very striking to find the author of the third part of King Henry the Sixth, thinking evidently of this speech of Sinon's (and its context) which we have just been quoting from Bacon :—

"I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the Chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school."

(*Henry VI. Third part. Act III. Scene II.*)

Perhaps Bacon took a hint from Ulysses, or from Sinon? Perhaps his *Colours of Good and Evil* have the *colours of the Chameleon*, inasmuch as so many things may be said and hinted at under so many forms of speech and in so many different ways, as he has just told us. Here I may remark that *Nobody*, or in Greek οὐτις, was a fallacious name assumed by Ulysses with a punning allusion to μήτις (and μήτις) to deceive Polyphemus (vide *Odyssey* 20, 20, and 9, 366, 408. *Eur. Cycl.* 549, 672, seq.) I mention this because one of Bacon's *Deficients* of his *New World of Sciences* is entitled the *Eye of Polyphemus*, and from other indications it is certain Bacon had made a most



profound study of Homer. For example, in Bacon's collection entitled the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, is a piece called *METIS*, or Counsel. *Mêtr̃is* is used by Pindar as *descriptive of a poet's skill or craft*. (Id. N. 3,15.) It is most certain Bacon took an entirely cosmogonical and parabolical view of Homer's writings. He writes: "The original of Pan, the ancients leave doubtful; for some say he was the son of Mercury, others attribute unto him a far different beginning. For they affirm that all Penelope's suitors had to do with her, and from this promiscuous act Pan descended."

"For they conceived the Matter as a common courtesan, and the forms as suitors. So as all the opinions touching the beginning of things come to this point, and may be reduced to this distribution, that the world took, beginning either from Mercury, or from Penelope, and all her suitors." ("Advancement of Learning," Liber II., p. 109, 1640.) I merely adduce this to point out that Bacon's reading of Homer was evidently very different to our modern historical standpoint. Bacon calls Mercury the Word of God, and it is worthy to note that in Farrar's "Life of Christ" we find the author pointing out the striking resemblance of some ancient presentations of Mercury to Christ as *the lamb carrier*. Hermes Kriophoros. Bacon's view of Penelope was, that she was the *stuff or matter* out of which Creation was woven, and in this sense of weaving we are reminded of Goethe's *Erd-Geist*, who plies the roaring loom of time, and weaves for God the garment we see him by! Ulysses therefore as the opposite to Penelope, may be fairly understood as a type of the Spiritual nature, which to Philistines of the type of Polyphemus, *is nothing!* Bacon writes:—"And surely the history of the world destitute of this may be thought not unlike the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out, that part of the image being wanting which doth most show the nature *and spirit of the person*" (p. 87, Cap. IV., Liber II., "Advancement of Learning," 1640).

To the mentally blind, either partially or entirely, the spiritual nature of all art (whether it be literary or learned) is invisible, for like Polyphemus, they cannot on account of their blindness perceive the spiritual Ulysses who confronts them, under all sorts of art disguises. No doubt this is what Bacon meant when he entitled his fourth deficient of his new world of sciences, the eye of Polyphemus, probably with an ironical motive, as a portrait for those modern Goliaths, who cannot apprehend the Ulyssean Bacon, hiding behind the Masque of Shakespeare. The comparison of Bacon to Ulysses is a most important point for students to ponder over, in this elegy of Regal's. Francis



Bacon made a particular study of the Wisdom of the Ancients, as we know by the collection published in 1609 under that title. Very well, we have just had proofs that Homer was one of the Ancients whose wisdom he studied deeply. And to finally prove that Bacon took the profoundest possible view of Homer, we once more cite him on Traditional Art, or the method of handing on the Lamp to his sons:—"As for those other methods analytic, systatique, dieritique, cryptique, *Homeric* and the like; they have been well invented and distributed" (p. 276, *Adv. of L.*, Lib. VI., 1640). It is plain from this passage, Bacon considered Homer's works as a vehicle for handing on Arcana or traditive knowledge, in the way Virgil and Dante have handed it on, but with a method entirely its own. Here let me observe how absurd it is for critics to deny and decry the assertion that Bacon shows extraordinary proclivities for the study of the poets!

One word more. When we come to consider the history of Ulysses, or of the Odyssey, what is it that strikes us most, and leaves the greatest impression upon our minds? I think I may venture to say that the episode of the *return of Ulysses to Penelope—of the King's disguise as a beggar*,—the slaying of the suitors,—in short the dramatic home-coming after years of exile and wandering impress us most vividly; and it is just in this point of *kingly disguise as a suitor for his own* that the parallel may be applied to Francis Bacon. Indeed, I think that the hint given us by Regal in this Elegy, comparing Bacon to Ulysses, *as an Ithacan*,—for Ulysses is called in both the *Iliad* and *Odessey* Ἰθακήσιος, (*Iliad*. ii. 184, *Od.* ii., 24.)—is of the greatest possible importance, if we consider the exile or wanderings of Ulysses, and his return home to Penelope. In the play of *Cymbeline* may be recognised just the same sort of exile, in the case of *Posthumus Leonatus*, from his wife *Imogen*. Nor does the parallel stop here. We have the suitors for Penelope, paralleled by the suitors of *Imogen's* hand,—Cloten and Iachimo! Bacon calls his suitors *forms*, in his essay upon *Pan*. Now Bacon by the word *form* meant the *essence of a thing*—or the thing itself, as the soul or spiritual side—the reality in fact, and Spedding has been very careful to point this out. The word *form* with Bacon may be accepted as the *Idea* (Begriff) or interpretation of a thing.

In this elegy of Regal's it may be perceived that the connection between Bacon's motto *moniti meliora*, and the hint given us for Ulysses, is very close indeed. Bacon, as "a camp follower of Apollo," is determined to yield obedience to the higher things which belong to the divine harmony of the God of

poetry and song. He is faithful to the motto which is prefixed to the first heir of his invention—

“Vilia miretur vulgus ; mitri flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castelia plena ministret aqua.”

(*Venus and Adonis.*)

And this obedience to Apollo, implied in the context of Bacon's motto, “*Cedamus Phæbo*”—“*we obey Phæbus Apollo*”—brings with it as a matter of course the words “*fandi fictor*,” or a composer of verse, or fiction. Let no one accuse me of taking too great a liberty in this matter, for in Timon of Athens, *fiction is identified with verse* :—

“And for thy *fiction*,

Why thy *verse* swells with stuff so fine and smooth  
That thou art even natural in thy art.”

Act V. 1, 86.

The expression *fandi fictor* is very properly applied to Ulysses, for he was a master spirit of dissimulation and craft in rhetoric. His genius was not only in that his name stands as a synonym for *wisdom*, just as Bacon's stands also for it; but that he possessed extraordinary depth of spiritual subtilty to such an extent that it was enough to mention his name—“*Sic notus Ulysses ?*” I have very little doubt myself the author of this elegy intended to convey the deep parallel that Bacon one day, like Ulysses, would, though disguised, return in kingly form to his own art, and claim it, in spite of the libraries of volumes which have laid claim to the hand of the art called or known as Shakespeare's! Suitors there have been in plenty for the hand of this art, but as Emerson remarked, “we are still out of doors,” and the work of Penelope has to be recommenced. Of a great deal of so-called Shakespearian criticism it may be said, “All the yarn that is spun in Bacon's absence does but fill books full of moths,”—that is to say, it falls short of the truth, or of the kingdom of heaven. It is not a quibble to assert that “*fandi fictor*” is a *writer or composer of fiction*,” as Mrs. Pott states in a footnote (page 39, *Baconiana*). It means at the same time a master spirit of disguise and concealment in the realms of rhetoric—a point we may perceive illustrated by Bacon's *Colores-Rhetorici*—or *Colors of Rhetoric*. It has been said, “language was given to conceal our thoughts.” Certainly what Virgil adduced was true, and must be applied to Bacon's writings, “*Nimium ne crede colori.*” “Do not believe too much in outward show, or in ornament,” *i.e.* *colours*! Seneca says, “*Quæ scribis non sunt ficta, nec colorata*” (*Eclogue II. 17*). Bacon never wrote without reserve, or as we might express it—*colours*. He was a poet painter, and his pigments were words, and the colours of rhetoric the art with which he created his masterpieces of poetry.

W. WIGSTON.